

37

THE
Spirit of Jacobitism:
REMARKS
THE
Spirit of Jacobitism.

W. and R.

39

T. H. E.

Spirit of Jacobinism.

THE
Spirit of Jacobitism :
O R,
REMARKS
UPON A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
K. W. and Benting.
I N
A DIALOGUE between Two Friends of the
Present Government.

L O N D O N :
Printed for *John Whitlock*, near *Stationers-Hall*.
MDCXCV.

THE
Spirit of Jacobitism :

OR

REMARKS

UPON A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

K. W. and Bentinck

IN

A DIALOGUE between Two Friends of the
Present Government.

L O N D O N :

Printed for John Widdow, near Stationers-Hall.

MDCXC.

Spirit of Jacobitism.

A. a Citizen, B. a Countrey-man.

A. **W**ELL! what think you of your Roaring Company? Do you now repent you of your Journey, or no?

B. For every thing, but that I have the satisfaction of enjoying my Friend. As to the main reason of my Journey, never was Man more disappointed. Have I travell'd an hundred miles for this? Well! I might e'ne have taken our honest Parson's word at home, who told me before I put foot in Stirrup, *That I should find little difference between a City and a Country-Jacobite, unless it be in this, That ours have something more modesty; That both manage their Cause with Reflection more than Argument, but that yours are impudently malicious.* O Curiosity! thou Tyrant of our Lives, thou hast put me to the charge and trouble of a Journey to no purpose, unless it be to inform me, that it is not *Conscience*, and an *honest regard to Right*, as they every where proclaim it, is the Reason of their dissatisfaction with the Government.

A. Had you no other business then in Town, but only what your Curiosity occasion'd you?

B. No, none in the world. I have often discours'd with those few of my Neighbours, that are of this Murmuring-Tribe, but among them I could never discover but that *Humour* and *Passion*, *Prejudice* and *Resentment*, did govern them more than *Reason*. I have been very inquisitive, whether the Reason of their Dissent was any thing, that might be supposed to put Conscience to a stand; but as oft as I have offered at a Discourse of this Nature, I have been told, with a shrug, *That the iniquity of the Times obliged them to silence*; and yet I have heard, that as ill and dangerous as they complain the Times are, they are not afraid to rail and drink Damnation loud enough. Upon this Reason you are oblig'd to me for my Company at this time. For I was desirous to know, whether it was really *Conscience*, that is at the bottom of this unhappy Division among us, or no. I did believe, if any where, I should here, where the Party is more daring, and speak their Minds with most freedom, be let into the true Reason of their Discontent. For I have often wonder'd, since *Revolutions*, *Changes* are no New things in this world, that men should not be contented, that God should rule the world, and when he pleaseth pull down one, and set up another.

A. Well, I hope you find you are not wholly disappointed; for I presume you have met with Spirits daring enough,

B. Daring enough! why it would e'ne make a mans hair stare to hear how they talk. In truth, I find they dare speak any thing but what is Modest and Reasonable.

A. Then it seems you don't like your Entertainment.

B. No, no more than a Country Ploughman does a *Whipt Syllabub*. I expected solid Principles, and strong Arguments, from a Party that pretend they have all the Law, Reason and Religion on their side; but instead of that, truly I have met with

with very little but Farce and Buffoonery.

A. What company I pray you, did you fall into?

B. The Three Main Talkers go under the Names of, *A Dialogue between K.W. and Benting. Remarks on some late Sermons, particularly on Dr. Sherlock's Sermon at the Temple; and the Third, A Letter to the Author of a Sermon, entitled, A Sermon preach'd at the Funeral of her late Majesty Queen Mary.*

A. Oh! they are persons well known among us, the two former especially, who go under the Name of *the City-Andreds.*

B. The last of the Three talked not so much as the other; but I observ'd it was not so much for want of Malice as Wit. The other, in Truth, I took for *Bedlams*, whose Chains, in spite of the Haltar, priviledge their Extravagancies.

A. Well, and what now do you observe to be at the Bottom of their Discontent? They seem, as you observe, desperately out of Order, and by the Foam they flaver, to be in a more-than Ordinary Ferment. And yet their whole party do in all company vogue themselves as the *only men of Conscience and Integrity.*

B. *Conscience*, my Friend! I durst venture something that I am not yet weary of, that that has the least share in their Discontents. *Conscience* is both a tender and modest thing: It no more suffers a man to forge a Lye, than to break an Oath; no more to defame and speak Evil of a man, than to plunder him; no more to make a vile Representation than to cut a man's Throat. But as these men manage the matter, one would think that *Conscience* had nothing to do with a mans Tongue, or that it could not be wounded with words of Iniquity. To suffer for conscience sake, tho an Erroneous One, is, in my Opinion, a thing to be pity'd. But then if a man would have the pity that belongs to such a case, he ought to behave himself with that Modesty and Decency, as in every case con-

science does require. But who will believe that that man suffers for conscience, who by a swaggering behaviour, and reproachful language, does show that his conscience is not easily wounded?

A. You observe rightly. And it is certain that these men have lost so much of the *good Opinion of their Neighbours*, by this kind of *behaviour*, as they will never be able to recover by *all their pretences to conscience*. For my part, I was apt to have *charitable thoughts of 'em*, as of men that paid a mighty Reverence to conscience, when I saw them quit their *Preferments*, and venture the displeasure of our Legislators for the sake of so sacred a thing, as they gave it out. But since I have seen their *Insolencies*, and heard their *virulent Discourses*, I have concluded it impossible that so much *Ill Nature*, and a *Tender Conscience* should lodge together in the same Breast.

B. And so does every *honest man* conclude as well as you. No, it is not *Conscience*, but *Passion and Resentment, and a desire of Revenge* that governs them.

A. In your Conversation then with these Men, what, I say, did you observe to lie at the Bottom of their Discontent?

B. The same that lies at the top, and in the middle, and all over: Regret, I mean, and Anguish, that the power of swaggering and domineering over their fellow-subjects, has slipped through their fingers, and that others besides themselves are advanced to Places of Trust and Profit. *Power*, you know, is a Luscious Thing, and it is very Natural for a Man that once had it to rave for the loss of it.

A. Ay, and especially when he considers how, and by whom he lost it: It was not it seems for want of Good will to it under this present Government; but because men of a more Peaceable Genius, were prefer'd before them. Observe but the Temper with which they talk and write, and what they perpetually make the Subject of their clamour, and you will find it plain, that it is not the Loss of K. James, but

but the loss of that Power and Authority, which in the late Reigns they had, is their great Vexation. Let K. *James* sink or swim, let him be a King or no King, a King with a Scepter in his hand, and an Army at his Command, or a King under the *Ferula* of a Regent, all is one to them, if they could but be sure that others would never top them. But when they perceiv'd they had the Displeasure of seeing themselves disappointed, immediately the cry began, K. *James* and the poor Innocent Prince of *Wales* have had hard measures, K. *William* is an Usurper, and Q. *Mary* undutiful to her Father; and all this, I say, for no other reason, but because Posts of *Authority* and *Power* were bestow'd where they like not. The plain truth of the case, so far as I apprehend it, is this, They were in bodily fears of the Education of his present Majesty, lest it should carry his favour too much toward the Dissenters, and the Zeal of K. *James* for Popery had scared them as much on the other hand; so that tho a Deliverance from the Danger of K. *James* his Popery was acceptable, yet an expedient was requisite to save them too from the supposed danger of K. *William*'s Education. To this purpose, as K. *William* had given a check to the designs of a Popish King, K. *James* would be a security against the designs of a *Presbyterian* one, and therefore it was very Requisite K. *James* should continue King still, but lest his Bigotry to his Religion would bear hard upon them, as it had done, it was not fit that he should have the Power of a King; and though it was Expedient that the P. of O. should have the Power of a King, to secure us from the designs of *Papists*, it was requisite another should have the Sovereign Dignity to be a Check upon the designs of *Presbytery*. So that while they would have both, and yet neither, they suffered the fate of him that sits between two stools.

B. True, it was an Apprehensiveness on both sides, and a fear to be undone by either, that lost them both, Had they been

been aware that K. *William* would have maintain'd the Church of *England*, with so much Zeal and Resolution as he has done; and assured that all Offices and Employments, all places of Trust and Profit would have gone in the same Channel as formerly, they who invited him to accept of the Government, would never have grumbled at the setting the Crown upon his Head, nor have troubled their Heads about a project to preserve to K. *James*, so much as the Name of a King. For here lay the wisdom of the Contrivance, that as occasion required they might be a dead weight on either side, and so safe between both. And what was all this but a reward to themselves, more than to K. *James*, or Conscience of a Duty, that is now made of the first Magnitude. Well, the the plain Truth on't is, a Regency was a brave project, and would have reconciled the fierce contest between Love and Interest, and had it taken they might have put both Boots on, or onely one, or none, as occasion required.

A. This I am satisfied is the true reason of their present Grumblings. For I am confident K. *James* after his Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, and his attempt upon the Penal Laws and Test, had as few of their good wishes, as his present Majesty has now. And you know none talk'd more boldly, nor with more longing Expectations of the Prince's Landing, when his design began to be common talk, than a great many that now are dissatisfied for want of King *James*. There is one thing further I would fain be satisfied in, *viz.* How a Regency could consist with that heighth of Allegiance, that now they make their Duty to K. *James*, especially since a Friend of theirs has lately told them, that the Parliament can make no such Acts and Statutes, nor will the constitution allow they should, by which the King may either be barr'd of the Allegiance, Fealty and Obedience of his Subjects, or be depriv'd and divested of the counterpart of it, inseparably appendent to, and resident in himself, namely,

ly, of trust and power to Rule and defend his People. Well, then was then, and now is now. Then they were out of Humour with King *James*, and now they are as much displeased with K. *William*; and if they had K. *James* again, I am apt to think in a little time K. *William* will be the desirable and long look'd for Man again. Well, if this be the true reason of the moody Humour they are got into, what kind of behaviour can we expect from them?

B. What? why, that they should rail and clamour loudly against King and Parliament, and all that are not of their mind, all I mean that know their own minds, and know when they are well, that they should make hideous complaints of Tyranny and Oppression, of Slavery and Bondage, and I know not what feigned Miseries to amuse and fright People; that they should cry out of Treason, Rebellion, Falshood and Treachery, with as much noise as if Heaven and Earth were going together; in a word, that they should entertain every Body just as my Friend Dialogue and his Brother Remarker did me to day.

A. Well, since you put me in mind on't, prithee let me hear how they treated thee.

B. Have you had your Breakfast?

A. Why do you ask?

B. Out of Charity to your Stomack, lest so much Filth and Foams they Vomited up should make you sick.

A. I'll Venture that.

B. Then take it: I have already told you, that I was extremely disappointed in my Expectation, and that instead of Arguments to Justify their Dissent, I met with little else but *Grubstreet* Froth. So that from hence I observed that Conscience had very little to do in this matter. Now as to the fulsome part of their Conversation, you must know that their Reflections fell chiefly upon the King, and Queen of Blessed Memory, and the most Eminent men of our Church,

viz. The late and present Arch-bishops of *Canterbury*, the Bishop's of *Ely*, *Salisbury*, *Coventry* and *Litchfield*, Dr. *Sherlock*, &c.

A. Believe me, extraordinary company! If I was to chuse a thousand times, for my part I shall never wish for better.

B. So the World has hitherto believ'd of them. But they, who have been honoured for their Piety and excellent Vertues, are by these new discoverers found to be a company of vile miscreants, men of Prostituted Consciences, and almost all that is naught.

A. Good God! what strange feats will not Malice and ill nature do, when they are set on work to serve a Design? But I pray, what can they find amiss in the conduct of so brave a Prince as his Majesty?

B. What? why, his supporting a Confederacy against *France*, and his Zeal to preserve his Native Country. For which mighty Crimes he is sometimes Ridiculed, sometimes down right rail'd at. Can you think of any thing that is bad, that is he; A Devil, and which it seems is somewhat worse, *A Dutch Devil*. *Vid. Remark*.

A. I was afraid they would have call'd him a *Jacobite Devil*. But if there be one Devil worse than another, that they will keep to themselves.

B. You will see Reason for your Remark, which I have told you, that they allow him neither Integrity nor Honesty, Religion nor Conscience, nor any thing but those vilest of Qualities, that the most Profligate wretch is infamous for. In short, they so managed their Conference with me, as to make him ten times a greater Monster than the *French King*.

A. And the World has wrong'd him mightily, if there be a greater on this side— But it seems a *Dutch Devil* is the strangest of all; a sort of Devil, that the *French Devil* dares not so much as look at, for fear the *Basilisk* should look him Dead.

Dead. But hark thee my Friend, didst ever see the Tail of a French Devil?

B. What dost mean by that, prithee?

A. Nay, I don't mean that I have seen it, and in truth I have heard such dreadful things of it, that I hope I never shall. It's a Tail, they say, that swarms with Dragons, that tear the Flesh, and suck the Blood of Protestants, a Tail that swoops down Towns, and leaves nothing but desolation behind it.

B. Well, but I hope e're long the Dutch Devil they speak of will cut it off. And because he treads hard upon it, and suffers him not to swoop with it as formerly, these Gentlemen can't give him a good word.

A. Nay, it's certain enough that Defamation and Lying are very useful things in a bad cause.

B. And I will challenge any to find the man that has made better use of them than my Friend *Dialogue*. At his first entrance upon his Discourse, I profess to you, I had thought he had been going to give an account of some late Confession of the French King's, *Dial. p. 1. Col. 1. These gripes of Conscience, saith he, are a damn'd Disease, nor is there any Cure for them, except a Medicine that will never down with me.*

A. Why, who can this be else but the great man at *Kersailes*, heaving under his Thefts and Murders, and that Perjury and Falshood by which he has made himself Great and thousands poor?

B. No, no, You are mistaken, and so is all the World; It's K. *William* tumbling and tossing under the sense of such, *Ibid. p. 1. Villanies as are enough to Damn ten thousand to the lowest Hell.*

A. How Man! Why where and when were they perpetrated.

B. Phu! Thou art always asking one simple question or other which no body can Answer. My Friend *Dialogue* is a Man of Parts, and wonderful Fancy. He is a Character-maker.

maker-man, and deals not with those Strange unaccountable things, Reason and Truth. He can tell you as extravagant stories, and improve upon them with as much Art as any man living. But if you come close up to him, and begin to ask him those odd Questions, when and where, you must hold him excused, for he knows nothing of the matter. If you won't take his word, you may chuse, for he tells the strangest things that ever were heard of, that *K. William* is the greatest cheat in nature; that he has been a Villain all his life long, and no body ever knew it, and has done the vilest things, and yet no body ever felt them.

A. I could wish the *K. of France's* Villanies had been of this Nature, and then *K. William* had been an excellent Prince, and *Monsieur Dialogue* had been at a loss for a Pattern to have framed his ill Character by: Well, if ever I should be Villain enough to hire a Character-maker to bely an Enemy hand-fomly, this man for my Mony.

B. Ay, and mine too; for I'll assure you, I never met with his fellow at Invention; only as you observe, his Royal Friend beyond Sea has been a great help to his Fancy.

A. However I cannot but wonder at the impudence of the Man, that he could give us so Tragical a Description of a diseas'd Conscience, at the same time, that he was wounding his own with so base and unchristian a Fiction.

B. Oh, that was the way to make him speak sensibly. Had he not strain'd his Invention he could not have spoke so feelingly of the Worm crawling and stinging and biting, as he did. But it was well for *K. William* that this man's Invention is so rampant; for believe me had his Fancy run lower, he could not have escaped so well as he did; but as he managed the matter all his Squibs and Crackers went over his Head: And the whole charge he drew against him does appear so notoriously Romantick, that no Body believes one word he said.

A. Be-

A. Believe it! why, who can believe it, that sees with how much Courage and Bravery he continues to expose his Royal Person to Danger? A bad Conscience would have cool'd his courage, and taken down the Gallantry of his Spirit, and have kept him as much out of harms way as you know it does some body else.

B. But this is not all, for to make it up perfect Farce, and lest the World should not know him to be a small Purveyor for the Stages at Bartholomew Fair, *The Queens Ghost is brought upon the Stage* to heighten his Agonies, and to be an Occasion of Representing him a *Perfect Atheist*. Dial. p. 1. *And is there then something of us that remains even after Death? Is there a reckoning in the case?*

A. Why sure this man was hatch'd in a Dung-hill, and has liv'd upon nothing but Excrements all his Life, he hurles his Filth about so liberally.

B. You would say so indeed, if you had heard him go on making him to Ridicule Repentance, and mocking at Religion upon the same Reason as all Atheists do, because their Crimes are too many to be number'd. Dial. p. 1. Col. 2. *I have traded in barbarous Murders, hellish Lies, damn'd Conspiracies, I have oppressed my Country, banished my Father, seiz'd his Kingdoms, put the whole World into Flames, and as far as man can, have even dethron'd God himself.* What think you of all this?

A. What think I! I think that he that said it is at least the Eldest Son of the Father of Lies, and when he comes thither will challenge the Priviledg of sitting next him, if he does not dispute with *Belzebub* himself for his Throne. But I prithee had not the knave a dose of Poyson in his hand when he said this?

B. A Dose of Poyson! For what?

A. That he might take his opportunity to slip out of the way of the Hangman.

B. Phu Man ! He has fed upon Poyson so long that that won't hurt him, it is his Natural Food.

A. And I'll warrant you he knows well enough that nothing will choak him, so that he is safe too on that hand ; for if it would, he had certainly dyed upon the spot. Do but observe what huge rumbling Epithets he disgorged, and I'll assure you with as much ease as you and I breath Air, and by that you may guess at the Capacity and strength of his Gullet.

B. Nay, Observe what a cluster of lies he Vomited all at once, *I have Traded in Barbarous Murders*, there's one. But I am apt to think he mistook, and would have said I have escaped the hands of many Barbarous Murtherers, I have been miraculously preserv'd from the desperate Attempts of *French Assassines*, from the Marquess of *Louvois*, and his Son *Barberieux's Liquidor's*, and *du Mont*, and *Granval's* bloody Designs ; unless he takes him for a Murtherer because he would not let these Villains cut his Throat, but e'en fairly Hang'd one for his wickedness.

A. *Hellish lies!* There's another, unless as Lyars generally must, he would have us understand him the contrary way, that he has been horridly belied, for the Truth of which I appeal to friend *Dialogue*. But perhaps in this part of his Character he had a mind to grace his own beloved quality.

B. *Damn'd Conspiracies*, there's a lowd one. For ask him against whom, himself, the Estates who trust and Honour him, or the K. of *France* who has rob'd him of his Principality, and according to his own Ambitious Project, is the Universal Monarch of *Christendom*. Ay, there's his fault, he has conspired with the Emperor and K. of *Spain* to cure him of his Ambitious Frenzy.

A. *I have oppressed my Country*, there's a Hellish Lye indeed : For who, I wonder, was it, that when his Countrey was almost quite over-run by the great *Nimrod* of the Age, did generously oppose the mighty one; and with a few undisci-

disciplined Troops, plucked his Laurels from his Head, and wrested the Conquests out of his hand ? Who I say, was it that stop'd the Fury of a Conquering Army, and preserved his sinking Country ? But perhaps, this Gentleman read this story as he does all others backwards, so that it was the P. of O. that invaded and ravaged his Country, and the K. of *France* out of kindness to his beloved Neighbour that interposed between them and ruine, just as he preserv'd *Vien-na* from the Hands of the *Turks*.

B. *Banish'd my Father* ; Ay, that I expected to hear of, but it is like the rest, for he went away of his own accord. The Prince did desire him indeed to go to *Rochester*, but that I hope was not a Banishing him from his Country.

A. *Seiz'd his Kingdom* ; Not so, for he was first invited to the Administration by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and afterwards settled in the Throne by the Lords and Commons, when we were as sheep without a shepherd.

B. *Put the whole World into Blood and Flames* ; A very lofty strain I'll assure you, and becoming the fanciful *Genius* of Poet Dialogue. But now, as to the Truth on't : Was it not he that invited the *Turks* to besiege *Vienna* ? Was it not he that perswaded the K. of *France* to seize upon the Principality of *Orange*, to turn the *Duke* of *Lorraine* out of his Countrys, to invade *Holland*, to Dragoon his own Protestant subjects, and to support the *Turk* with Men and Mony ? Nay, is not this the Prince that can destroy Perpetual and Irrevocable Edicts, that is troubled with a Scurvy Itch of Coveting his Neighbours Countries, and tries all ways to get a cure, tho it be by breaking Leagues, and Trampling down all the fences of right ? Is not this he that invested and seiz'd upon *Strasburg*, when by fair promises, and large assurances of maintaining a fair understanding with the Emperor and Imperial Towns, he had lull'd them a sleep, and tempted them to send away the Guards ! In a word, is not this

he,

he, that overturns all that is sacred, that demolishes Temples, fires the Habitations of the living, and violates the Monuments of the Dead ! I am sure, if this be not the Man, 'tis a Neighbour of his, and 'tis Easy for a Poetical *Genius*, when it is upon the stretch and wrought high, to mistake one Neighbour for another.

A. Well, enough of all Conscience of this kind of stuff. Surely a *Jacobite* is not like other Men, he could never else vomit such a Cluster of *Rugebies* at once.

B. They have got such an inclination to *France*, that nothing now can please them but what comes from thence, tho it be the Art of disguising Truth, which *Salvian* long ago observed to be very Natural to them: Lying, saith he, is no Crime among the *French*, but a mode of speaking. I shall add one thing more, *viz.* That, as it is usually the fate of great Lyars, my friends memory fail'd him, so that before he got to the end of his *Harangue*, he made him another kind of Man, than what he had made him at the beginning. Now you see he is an *Atheist*, and the onely reason is, because he had made him so vile a Monster in his Morals, as none but an *Atheist* can be. For it was fit he should have a regard to consistency. But at another time, when Protestants are to be frighted out of their respect to him, *he is a Papist*. And when the Church of *England* is to be alarm'd, he is a *Presbyterian*. He is any thing as the Humour of misrepresentation takes them, or the Temper of that sort of People is, that is to be cajoled or affrighted.

A. Now you put me in mind of it, this I perceive is a method agreed upon among them. For the other day one, who undertook to prove, that the *preserving the Protestant Religion, was not the Motive unto, or the end that was designed in the late Revolution*, itiffly maintain'd, he was of *no Religion*, because it furnish'd him with a dainty Argument to prove his Assertion: And on the other hand another, who would perswade us we are in mighty danger, to see *Presby-*

tery set up in the Room of *Episcopacy*, found it to his purpose to insinuate that he was not onely Educated under the *Geneva Model*, but that he is as zealous for his Religion as any other King at least. And you it seems have met with one, that made him sometimes an *Atheist*, and sometimes a *Papist*, according as the insinuation was to his purpose. And I doubt not, but if ever an attempt be made to prejudice the Dissenters, his great fault will be, that *he is a zealous Church of England Man, and has declared his Resolution to maintain it.*

B. I am of your mind, for the plain Truth on't is, they are for prejudicing every body if possible, and therefore they must have lies of several Cuts and Figures, and if none of the foremention'd ones will do the Business, Mr. *Remarker* will make him a *Dutch Devil*.

A. But I pray what reason did he give for so malicious a suggestion? For surely he does not think that his Reputation is so high, that any Body will believe him upon his bare word.

B. There are four things he charges upon him after a very fly manner. And in Truth I believe he depended more upon the Raillery wherewith he entertained us, than upon the Truth of these things, for the making an Impression upon us. Now his doughty Reasons were these, *Dial. p. 4. That when he barbarously caused the De-Wits to be torn in pieces, he transacted the matter with Romish Priests.*

A. If this be true, I perceive that *Romish Priests* are a sort of cut-throats that a man may have recourse to upon occasion, and transact a Villany with secrecy enough; which is a Truth, I believe, this Gentleman has dropt before he was aware. But this is so far from being True, that it was the miseries, that the Treachery of those men, and the abuse of their Power had reduced the people to, enraged them to that bloody fact.

E

B. The

B. The next thing is, *Ibid.* p. 5. *That when he enter'd into the Confederacy, he took the Sacrament thereupon, at the great Church in Brussels.* And the third is, *that he faithfully promis'd the Pope to promote the Romish Religion in England.* These two came undoubtedly into the World together at a Birth, and therefore I thought it pity to part them.

A. Ay, and let them e'en dye together, for I am certain they cannot be long lived, they are such Monstrous ill shapen Brats. He took the Sacrament at the great Church in *Brussels*! I suppose, he means he took it after the *Romish* manner; And if so, he would do well to let us know how he came by this piece of news, and if it be true, how he came by it so late; for I dare pass my word for it, that he could no more have kept it as a secret till the Death of the Queen, had he known of such a thing, than he can carry fire in his Bosom; and it is as unaccountable how such a thing should not be known till now, if it was true. And for the same Reason, I doubt the truth of his next story. For hatred is a very searching passion, and soon spies a fault where there is none.

B. And besides, I have another reason that makes me question the Truth of these stories, *viz.* The notorious untruth of his next Reason, *Ibid.* p. 5. *That he indulges the Papists greater liberty than ever they had under K. James, and that where the late King made one Papist, K. William has made forty.* We are indeed beholding to him, for reserving these to the last, lest we should be too forward to believe the two former.

A. Believe me these are swingers, and enough to forbid any Man to be forward in believing the other. For according to them, one would think K. *William*, instead of a few Popish Chappels, had turn'd St. *Pauls*, and all the Cathedrals of *England* into *Mas-houses*, and that the Bishopricks were

were now filled with no other but the Reverend Fathers of the Society,

B. Well, Truth or Untruth, it's all one, if so be the People can but be Prejudiced against K. *William*; and you know there's no more effectual way than such an insinuation, because there is nothing that they hate more than *Popery*. Do but perswade them, that he is a *Papist*, and his work is done for him, for, as my friend wisely observed, *Ibid.* p. 5. *He has then forfeited his Crown by his own Act of Settlement.*

A. Ay, Ay, That's the thing they would have, and the reason is because he is no *Papist*; for, was he a *Papist*, I am very confident this Man could do well enough without K. *James*. But since he is no *Papist* his Crown is a mighty Eye-sore. Could they perswade him to two things, to quit his Throne, and let the K. of *France* overrun *Flanders*, and Conquer *Holland*, and make the *English* his Vassals, they would e'en let him be what he is, a true *Protestant*, and a truly *Heroick* Prince. Now he's a *Papist*, an *Atheist*, or if there be any thing worse, he's that too, a *Dutch Nero*, a *Dutch Monster*, nay, a *Dutch Devil*, onely because he wears the *English Crown*, and hinders the *French King* from pulling down the *Whigs*, and *Dragooning Protestantism* out of the world.

F. Now hitherto, you must know my new acquaintance tryed his Art, in daubing K. *William* with as black and ugly Colours, as his friend below could furnish him with; and having made him as foul a Monster as possible he could, he began to expose him.

A. Prithee to whom?

B. To whom, say you? To every Body, To Princess *Ann*, and the Prince her husband, to the Parliament, to the Nobility, and in one word to all the People of *England*; for Heads, you know, without Hands, to pull him down, signify nothing.

A. Well ! I perceive your friend has a Nowping Pate on's own at *Politicks*. Did he not hug himself for his Invention ?

B. Pish Man ! I tell thee, there's not his fellow to be met with for Lying, Defaming and Methodising a design. He that said,

Flectere si Nequeo Superos Acheronta Movebo.

Was a Puny to him, for if Hell can't help him, he'll go deeper if possible.

A. And how, I prithee did he Expose him to the Princess and her Husband ?

B. Why ! In the Habit of a Cut-throat and a Poysoner, contriving how he should get rid of such dangerous persons, either by *dropping something into the Liquor of the Prince, or by sending the Princess and her Brat* (observe the language) *packing, Dial. p. 4. Col. 1.*

A. Oh, now I understand the Reason of his making murder one part of his Character before ; it was, it seems, to make his discourse consistent and all of a piece.

B. Oh, your Dramatick wits ne'r trouble their Heads with Truth, half so much, as the Ingenuity of Invention, and the well laying their scenes ; As for Instance, *Dial. p. 4.* if a *Princess* be to be *Murder'd*, and her *Brat* sent packing into the other world, or a *Prince of a Martial temper* but a *weak Head*, be to be affrighted into a compliance with some wise Head that can manage him, the very design of the Play do's require that there should be *Ruffians* and *Murderers*, brought upon the stage.

A. Well ! Commend me, of all men I know, to friend Dialogue, for coherence and well managing a *Romantick* story. But what was that you said of the Prince, I perceive he had a fling at him too ?

B.

B. A fling! Ay, an unmannerly one, for which I hope the Prince will, one time or other, return him his thanks. But you must take notice that tho they are his own words, and I doubt not speak the sense of his mind, yet he puts them into the mouth of the King.

A. As Pick-pockets it seems, when they are in danger of being taken, drop the purse into the next mans boots. Well, but what was it?

B. Thus he makes him speak, *Dial. p. 4. Tho he (the Prince) ; be not very Mutinous and Ambitious, yet he's of a Martial Temper and well beloved of all the English Souldiers. And if some wiser head, could get the management of him, he might be tempted to give me more Trouble, than I know how to provide against. What think you of this?*

A. I think, friend *Dialogue* has mis'd of his Consistency, as well as Truth in this Character. For tho a Martial Temper is a thing to be fear'd, yet a Man that wants brains, and is neither mutinous nor ambitious is not.

B. Oh, you are mistaken, friend *Dialogue* is a wiser man than so; he does not use to frame Characters to no purpose. The *Jacobites* you know, want a Prince of a Martial Spirit, and therefore the design of the Play, required that our *Poet* should find out such a one to wheedle, if possible to become the Head of their Party. But yet when he has fought and conquer'd K. *William*, and has pull'd the Crown from his Head, he does nothing unless for the Recovering his Reputation, and gaining himself an Eternal Name and Honour throughout the world, he Recalls his injured father in Law, and therefore the Dramatick Laws require, that he that should do all this, should neither be *Mutinous* nor *Ambitious*, and that he should need the management of some such *Wise and Politick Head*, as my friend's is.

A. You are in the right, for I dare say, unless they find a Prince of this Character to Coax and Wheedle, K. *Willi-*

am is safe enough. For I am confident, that no Prince that is wise enough to manage himself, will ever try his Martial Temper against a King supported by the States of the Kingdom.

B. And I dare say, it will be a difficult thing to find a Prince, tho you shall go into *France* for him, that will make use of his Martial Temper to get a Crown and not for himself.

A. Come, I am e'en quite tired with such kind of stuff. If there was any thing else relating to the Princess, Prithce be quick, otherwise I shall never have Patience to hear thee out.

B. Any thing else! Yes, such a strange discovery as no man ever yet thought of. The Guards it seems, which we simple folk thought to be for nothing else but to honour her, and the Prince her husband, were designed it seems to secure them as *Dial. p. 4. Prisoners.*

A. See, what it is now for a man to have studyed the Rules of the stage throughly. Had not this scene been thrust in, the Prince and Princess had been safe enough; and which was worse than all that, after your friend *Dial.* had rackt his Invention to find out a Barbarous Murderer, that had a design upon the life of an Innocent Princess, his Play had been spoil'd. But enough of this.

B. Come, since you begin to be uneasy, I will give you a brief account in what dress he expos'd him to the Parliament, Nobility, and the People of *England*. Now, the more effectually to affright all these, he brings him upon the stage, in the shape of a strange outlandish Beast that has lived upon Parliaments, so long as they had a liberty or priviledge worth sucking left, and now ranges at pleasure, in the houses of great and small, Edicting away all that comes in his way. In plain *English* he makes him as great a Tyrant as *Nero*, or the *French King*, that his great Aim is
to

to get rid of *Parliaments*, and in order to that, to purchase a *General excise*; that he is *Dial. p. 10. Col. 1.* No friend to the *Nobility*, but sets more by a *Schomberg* and a *Benting* than them all ! And that, *Ibid. p. 7, &c.* he has so great an *Antipathy* to the *English*, that he could be willing they were all knockt o'the head, and our Country repeopled with foreigners.

A. Precious Villain ! But truly I don't much wonder at the fertility of his fancy, since there is a Kingdom not far off, where all this is practis'd, and a great deal more. I am very confident he knows all this is false, and that there is no danger it ever should be true, unless the *French King* can get over his *Dragoons* to Discipline us; after the *French Mode*, and to teach us a little *Jacobitish Loyalty*.

B. You say true, for I assure you, I could not observe that he insisted upon any other Reason for these Malicious Suggestions; but such as the present War makes necessary, or which speak his Majesty, of a truly great and Christian Spirit. For because, he generously entertains the *French Refugees*, and expresses a peculiar regard to, and tenderness for them, upon the account of the Honour they have done our Religion in suffering for it, *Dial. p. 6. The Nobility; my Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Common Council, and all the City of London* must be alarm'd, as if *Monsieur Renew and his Hugonots* were more to him than all they.

A. I make no question, but *Monsieur Renew and his Hugonots* would soon Recover so much Reputation with your friend, as to engage him to do his utmost, that their fame may go through the world, if in his present Extremity they would return to the King of *France*, and offer him their service against *K. William*, for the securing his Crown, as once their Fathers and Brethren did against the Prince of *Conde*; and when they have done him this service, be contented he should either Banish or knock them o'th head, as he pleases.

B.

B. Ay, undoubtedly, this would please him and his party well. And since, all this while they don't budg a foot towards his help, it was Politickly done, to try if he could oblige the People to compell them; by frightening them with the terrible outcry, *Dial. p. 6. That foreigners are encouraged against them; that they are enabled by vast Contributions, to work at underates, and undersel the English, and thereby Beggar and Starve them; and that they are Arm'd on purpose to cut their throats, and then to possess their Country.* But besides, the War you know we are Engaged in, is both Chargeable and Bloody, now see what a Politick use my friend made of this, Oh, saith he, *Ibid. p. 5. Our mony is carryed out of the Land, and our men knock'd o'th Head, with no other design but to impoverish and ruine us.* Help Neighbours and Friends, we are undone, ruin'd to all intents and Purposes. Don't you feel your Purfes drain'd, and your Countrymen either starved or miserably cut off, to save the skins of the *Dutch*, Believe it if this holds a while longer, you will have nothing left when your injured Prince returns to pay, much less to gratify the *French Dragoons*, that his good friend will send with him to Propagate that Doctrine of Passive Obedience, which men who love extreams are still so fond of.

A. Then amidst all your discourse, K. *James* was not forgot, nor the hopes they have of seeing him e're long in the Throne again.

B. Oh no! Tho it was not much that he said, yet that little he did say, was enough of all Conscience to make us all fond of him, if it was but true.

A. What was it?

B. That in the Eye of Human Reason nothing can restore. *Dial. p. 3. Peace, Trade and safety to the Nation, but the Revratson of K. James.*

A. I believe in one respect he spoke a certain Truth ; for I doubt not but it would vastly encrease our Trade, by letting in among us a sort of *Romish Merchants* with their *Rosaries*, their *Agnus Dei's*, their *Crucifixes*, and other spiritual ware, as the *English* have had no dealing with this many a year.

B. And further he observed, *Ibid.* That his *Restoration* would put an End to all the *Broils and Bloody Wars* in Europe.

A. Very good. This I believe too, for then the K. of *France* would make quick work with the rest of the *Confederates*, and give peace to *Europe* by conquering and enslaving it.

B. Then you must know K. *James* is. *Dial. ib.* A brave and Generous Prince ; that no man ever better understood the Trade of his Kingdom, or more studied to promote it ; and it is not to be doubted but that the worst of his Enemies, would find him more merciful than they expect or deserve.

A. The Trade he spoke of is that I but now mentioned, which no man questions but he did study to promote. And as to the mercy he tells us, his worst Enemies would find, I could believe this also, was it not for a certain story, I have heard of out of the *West*, for the sake of which I think it best not to depend too much upon friend *Dialogue's* word. But it was needful that this fine stroke should be given, otherwise he had lost all his Labour in laying such foul Colours upon his Majesty. For to what purpose should he vilify K. *William*, or what advantage would it be to his cause, to have the People think meanly and scurvily of him, so long as K. *James* is no better thought of. But now after all his fine knack at making Characters, the mischief on't is, no body believes him. The People do no more believe that K. *William* is an *Atheist*, or a *Papist*, or has a design to enslave or ruine them, than they believe K. *James* to be a friend to the

Protestant Religion, and an Enemy to the designs of *France*. They no more believe that *K. William* has any ill design in Honouring the Princels with Guards, than that *K. James* had a good one, when he attempted the taking off the Penal Laws and Tests. In a word, they no more believe him to be either an enemy to Parliaments or them, than that they have reason to believe that *K. James* shew'd himself a friend to either.

B. No, these block-headed *English* are so dull as not to perceive how a War can be maintain'd without mony, or an Enemy fought without having men knockt o'th Head; or that it is their Interest to suffer their next Neighbours house to be set on fire, when it will endanger their own. In a word they don't understand, what advantage it will be to them to see the Dragoon of Protestants to enlarge his conquests to their very Doors, and the great Enemy of Liberty to have none to destroy but themselves, nor the *French* King put into a Capacity of shutting them up in their Harbours, and Robing them of all their Trade, by having all the *Dutch* shipping in his Power. So that the next time I see my friend *Dialogue*, I will tell him he must satisfy them as to these things, or he will never be able by all his skill at invention to perswade them into an ill Opinion of so great and good a Prince, who with a world of Toil and Hazard, keeps Popery and Slavery from their Doors. For this time, farewell.

F I N I S

